

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

NO. 6

CHARACTER OF REGISTRATIONS IN THIS CITY TO DATE

The political complexion of registrations in this city for this year up to the hour of closing last evening follows: Republican, 70; democrat, 38; declines, 19; progressive, 2; socialist, 1; no party, 2; non-partisan, 1. The registration clerks in this city are F. A. Cunningham, postoffice building, and City Clerk W. J. Smith, city hall.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

WOMAN'S CLUB.

Last Thursday afternoon there was a large attendance at the meeting of the Woman's Club in Lodge Hall. Following was the program of papers prepared by members: "What Is the Home?" Mrs. E. I. Woodman; "Economic Standard of the Home," Mrs. John Coffinberry; "Education of the Consumer," Mrs. Maynard; roll call quotations on "Home"; vocal solo, Miss Grace Martin.

The club is an active one, and as soon as the weather conditions will permit it will continue the good work started last year in beautifying the homes and streets of this city by having flowers and ornamental trees planted.

Notice is given the members of the literary society affiliated with the Woman's Club of a meeting at the apartments of Mrs. H. H. Cloyes in the Metropolitan Hotel on Wednesday afternoon, February 9, 1916.

CARD OF THANKS.

The family of the late Max Cohen wish to thank their many friends for beautiful floral offerings and kind words of sympathy extended to them in their late bereavement in the loss of a loving father.

Milk Goats for Sale—Just the thing to make babies healthy. Address J. Addington, general delivery, South San Francisco postoffice. Advt.

For Sale—Hale special sewing machine and kitchen table with bins. Inquire at this office. Advt.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS TO GIVE PLAY SOON

The high school students are working faithfully on the play which they are planning to give in about four weeks. They have selected "A Strenuous Life," by Richard Walton Tully, author of the "Bird of Paradise," "Omar the Tentmaker," etc.

It is a college play, the setting being the University of California at Berkeley, and is filled with the joys and trials of college life.

Many of the students who were so favorable received last year in "The Varsity Coach," will appear again, and in addition several who are new to the local stage.

The evening of March 6th has been set for this production, and the high school students hope to see all their friends at the Royal Theatre on that evening.

SAN MATEO COUNTY GRAND JURY FILES REPORT

The San Mateo county grand jury was discharged yesterday after it had filed the shortest report on the records of the county. The report said that the county jail, which has been condemned by grand juries for the past ten years, was unfit for the detention of its inmates. New wells at the county poor farm were recommended to increase the water supply.

The supervisors came in for the single rebuke in this report, being criticised for allowing work to be done in excess of appropriations.

Daniel J. Flynn of Redwood City was foreman of the jury, which was composed of five women and fourteen men.

RAINFALL IN THIS CITY.

The data of rainfall in this city kept by G. W. Holston, local Southern Pacific agent, for this season to date is as follows:

Date.	Inches.
Nov. 30, total for month.....	1.30
Dec. 31, total for month.....	9.37
January 31, total for month.....	18.91
February 3.....	.02
February 4.....	.60
February 5.....	1.01

Total for season to date..... 31.21
Total to February 5, 1915..... 17.15

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Lessons \$1. Advt.

IMPORTANT

To all residents of South San Francisco: The board of city trustees is desirous of having every one interested in the future of South San Francisco to be present at the board meeting next Monday evening, February 7th. This is important and should not be neglected.

NEW MUSICAL ORGANIZATION FOR THIS INDUSTRIAL CITY

The work of instituting a new brass band for this industrial city is progressing with reasonable rapidity. An effort is being made to induce a competent leader and instructor to take charge of local talent and perfect it so that it will not be long before there will be a musical organization in this city that its citizens will be proud of. It is expected that the board of city trustees will aid in its organization and support and later give it permission to give open-air free concerts at certain periods on the civic center. There is no doubt that local business men will also assist in the matter. A committee should be appointed at once to start the ball rolling by boosting the proposition and create sufficient interest to make the idea a success.

PRIZES OFFERED BY BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The Bank of South San Francisco is offering four prizes, amounting to \$25, to pupils of the sixth grade and higher of the South San Francisco schools for the best composition on "Thrift."

The competition closes February 10th, and winning essays will be published in this paper at a later date. Watch for them.

The judges in the contest are Father J. P. Moran, Rev. L. C. Kelley and J. W. Coleberd.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters uncalled for in the postoffice at South San Francisco, February 4, 1916:

Domestic—Martin, H. M.; Peters, J. N.

Foreign—Ferrario, Pit; Pierini, Pietro.

E. E. Cunningham, Postmaster.

MEN ARE CHARGED WITH REMOVING COPPER WIRE

Frank Herzog and Herman Schmitz, two men who were arrested in San Francisco, were arraigned before Justice of the Peace Porter E. Lamb yesterday on the felony charge of interfering with electrical wires. According to officials of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, they had removed copper wire, valued at \$2000, from the poles in the vicinity of Burlingame and Easton.

SAN MATEO PLANNING TO ESTABLISH BEACH PARK

Mayor Frank Simmen and Finance Commissioner Eva of San Mateo have had several conferences in the last week with representatives of the Howard estate relative to the purchase by the city of ten acres of beach land on which to establish a municipally owned swimming and pleasure resort.

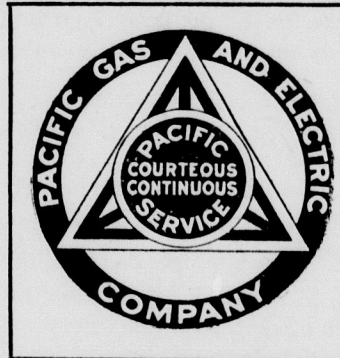
For a good chicken and ravioli dinner on Sundays go to the State Highway House, Colma. D. Scatena & Co. Dancing from 4 p. m. to 11 p. m. Advt.

PIONEER MERCHANT OF THIS CITY GONE TO HIS FINAL REST

Died—In San Francisco, January 30, 1916, Max Cohen, husband of the late Dora Cohen and father of Mrs. Isadore Shemanski and Abe Cohen of San Francisco, Mrs. Ray Kent of Cochrane, Canada, and Mrs. W. C. Schneider and Mellie Cohen of this city, a native of Prussia, aged 69 years. The funeral took place from the Godeau chapel at 41 Van Ness avenue. Interment at Salem cemetery.

Mr. Cohen started a dry goods and clothing store on Grand avenue about twenty years ago and was succeeded later by W. C. Schneider. He was one of the active business men of this infant city at that time and has left the impress of confidence, fair dealing and good business judgment that his former customers will never forget.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.



AS A UNIVERSAL FUEL

GAS

WILL RANK SUPREME

IN ANY HOME WHERE IT IS USED FOR COOKING AND THE HEATING OF WATER

It is ideal because it is—

ALWAYS READY
ALWAYS COOL
ALWAYS CLEAN
ALWAYS ECONOMICAL

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

SAVINGS BANK CENTENNIAL, 1916

Talks on Thrift

TAKE THE PROPOSITION TO A BANK MAN

UNLESS all signs fail, the one certain result of the European war is going to be a general stimulus to American industry. Our mills are running to full capacity; our crops are bumper ones; our banks are gorged with money; our people employed at good wages and constantly shorter hours, making things for Europe to eat and wear and shoot. We shall have great prosperity.

With prosperity comes the promoter, trying to get some of that prosperity without working for it. He will have great schemes to make you (and himself) rich. You first—then himself (or vice versa). Fakes by the thousand will follow the wake of prosperity, all seeking to separate you from your money. The warning is particularly opportune now. Beware the promoter.

If you are offered any scheme to make money, take it to your banker. If it offers over six per cent, turn it down on general principles. The promoter finds poor picking when you take his proposition to the bank man. Ask the banker: Would you go into this with the bank's money? And if he wouldn't—don't you.

Years ago a Western concern organized a bank and offered the stock broadcast. It was a clever scheme—a good scheme, and a profitable one. It had much merit and should have come to a better end. But it was too good, and the promoter could not stand the prosperity it brought him.

Two hard-working miners got interested and sought the advice of their banker. He advised against it. "But it pays ten per cent, and you only four, and besides they say the stock will double in value in a year." "Yes, all that may be true," said the banker, "but you're not strong enough to take the risk and for the possible profit you can't afford to chance a probable loss." They went in and in less than six months the bank went broke, and the miners nearly went broke with it—they had plunged. To-day that stock lies somewhere in tin boxes, mute evidence of what happens when you go against the advice of your banker.

A certain steamboat captain never earned more than a hundred dollars a month, and yet in the course of twenty-five years he was able to raise a family, dress and educate them, provide a handsome home clear of debt for them, and leave his widow with enough to support her in comfort for life—all this on a hundred a month. He saved half he earned. The secret may have lain with the wife, or with him, or with both; but the result was there just the same. What this man did you can do. He stuck close to the bank; he bought his home and paid for it by degrees, carried a fair amount of insurance, never tried any schemes, and held fast to what he got.

The really big things are not hawked about the streets like vegetables. The big deals are not for the "dear public." Henry Ford never offered his stock broadcast. A certain New York undertaker (now bankrupt) did. Standard Oil never went with hat in hand, seeking those who would buy. Big things are for the few; little things for the many.

You worked pretty hard for your money, and it ought to work for you; not overwork, but just keep comfortably busy. It will work right faithfully, for compound interest grows apace; but if you work it too hard, it will, like the faithful old horse, keep going for a time, but eventually fail you. Do not try the impossible. Four per cent, with safety is better than ten per cent, with risk. Don't lose your principal trying to get big interest. You must sacrifice one of two things: principal or income. Keep safe and your income will be small but sure; but if you seek large returns, you must of a certainty jeopardize your principal. Better reach your goal by little jumps that land you on the ground each time, rather than take flying leaps in the dark. Thrift consists in leaving some good things alone. The promoter is one. His best scheme is not good enough for you.

—American Bankers' Association.

4 Per Cent on Savings

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

DO YOU KNOW

That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

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Six Months ".....1.00
Three Months "......50

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

CLUB AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of club, social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

COUNTY CLERK JOS. H. NASH WILL RUN FOR SENATOR

County Clerk Jos. H. Nash formally announces that he will run for state senator from this district at the August primaries. The other two counties in the district are Santa Cruz and San Benito.—The Enterprise, Jan. 29, 1916.

The Enterprise, South City: Thank you for the above. I certainly appreciate your kindness. If I can reciprocate in any way, command me.
Very truly yours,
JOS. H. NASH.

The Enterprise is very glad to give publicity to Mr. Nash's kind note of appreciation. He is making a Class A county official, and we believe he will make as good if not better official in the state legislature when he becomes senator. When he gives the San Mateo County Press Association an assurance that in future he will place all orders for books and printing necessary for the proper conduct of his present office with the printing establishments in this county, The Enterprise will waive any reciprocal obligation that Mr. Nash feels that he is under to it. The Enterprise has never asked any special favors from any San Mateo county official and it never will. All that it has asked in the past has been a fair deal from the officials for all county papers, and it will continue that policy in future.

WHO WILL IT BE?

Flowers, plants and shrubbery will beautify any yard or any home. A systematic cultivation of them by the people at large will make a veritable garden of beauty out of any town.

A few seeds, a little elbow exercise, and the work is done. The principal occupation then is to watch them grow.

Women invariably take the lead in the beautifying of the home and its surroundings, and we have many women in this town who are experts in this line.

This summer some one of these women is going to have the most beautiful yard in town.

Who will she be?

We would like to see every woman in town strive to be that one. We would like to see every woman make of her place a spot that is pleasing to the eye, a spot that attracts the attention and compels the admiration of people as they pass by.

We would like to see the husbands encourage the wives in such a laudable undertaking by performing or securing the manual labor necessary, slight though it be.

We would like to see this town this summer converted into one of the show spots of the state, and we'll personally join the procession any time it is formed.

What do you say, brother, or sister? Are you game?

DINNERS AND DINNERS.

Every little while some enterprising correspondent sends out to the daily press of the country a glowing account of a dinner given by some metropolitan multimillionaire. This twaddle is extended and amplified even to a description of the virtues of the \$10,000 a year chef or the latest

pet money that ate from the same table.

We haven't any \$10,000 chef, and we don't hanker after the company of four-footed monkeys, but we want to say right here that the fellow who eats at our table will get a meal set before him that has more solid enjoyment in it than any of those produced for multimillionaires and monkeys.

And there's many a man in this town who has the same opinion of the good old-fashioned dinners served up by his own wife.

Our battered old editorial heart is just bubbling over with joy. We knocked off grinding out copy for the printers the other day and took a stroll around town just for exercise. Every where we went we found some one who had a good word to say, an expression of good will to offer, and not once did we hear a knock against the town, the people, ourself or the paper. Truly, it's good for any man to live among such a whole-hearted and clean people. We hope we live to be a hundred.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Don't waste time talking about prosperity. Grab it!

The ups and downs of business are principally ups now.

Is your wife a jewel? Tell her so. Tell her so, anyway.

Blessed is the man who pays his bills—if we get the dough.

Hail to sweet womanhood. Without her we wouldn't have any kind of a hood.

Man proposes, woman supposes, dad opposes, the lawyer exposes, and the judge deposes.

When a fellow makes a practice of knocking his home town it is time for everybody else to hand him a few.

Don't worry about the mistakes of yesterday. Oil up your think works and avoid making any more of them to-day.

Of course your excessive modesty would prevent your answering the question, but we would really like to know the name of the smartest man in this community.

Of course, madam, you did not

raise your son to be a soldier. Your neighbor's son should be the one to protect you from the ruthless hand of the invader when he comes.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Lord's Day.

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 o'clock.

Monday.

Emmanuel class meets in the Emmanuel Rest Room at 4 o'clock.

Tuesday.

Grace Church Guild meets at Mrs. Cunningham's, 2 p. m. "Because She Loved Him So," Royal Theatre, 8 p. m. Benefit of the organ fund. Tickets 25 cents, reserved section 35 cents, balcony 50 cents. Charlie Chaplin between the acts.

Wednesday.

Men's Bible class in pastor's study. Conducted by Mr. Joseph J. Goffnet. All men welcome; 8 p. m.

Thursday.

Choir practice in Guild Hall.

Friday.

Confirmation class for adults meets in the church at 8 p. m.

Saturday.

Altar Society meets in the church at 2 p. m.

Knights of King Arthur conclave in pastor's study at 3 p. m.

Welcome.

"We ask not what thou art:

If friend, we greet thee, hand and heart;
If stranger, such no longer be;
If foe, our love shall conquer thee."

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Adv.

THE HUB

We have received our spring line of clothing and furnishing goods for men, women and children. Call in and look at them and make your selection. We will make your suit to order in a first-class manner and at reasonable prices.

CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

313-315 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

Handsome Shoes a Specialty

SHOES for all the family here. We buy direct from the factories and thus can afford to make prices that will suit any pocket-book. In men's shoes we have fine values at prices which must be considered very inviting in these days when leather goods have become more expensive.

The women's, misses' and children's shoes will be found truly serviceable. High topped boots, button or laced, and ties in white or black or tan and white canvas shoes or comfortable outing footwear of prominent makes.

Patent leather and enamel shoes in all sizes with fashionably shaped toes.



Shoes of Comfort That Wear.

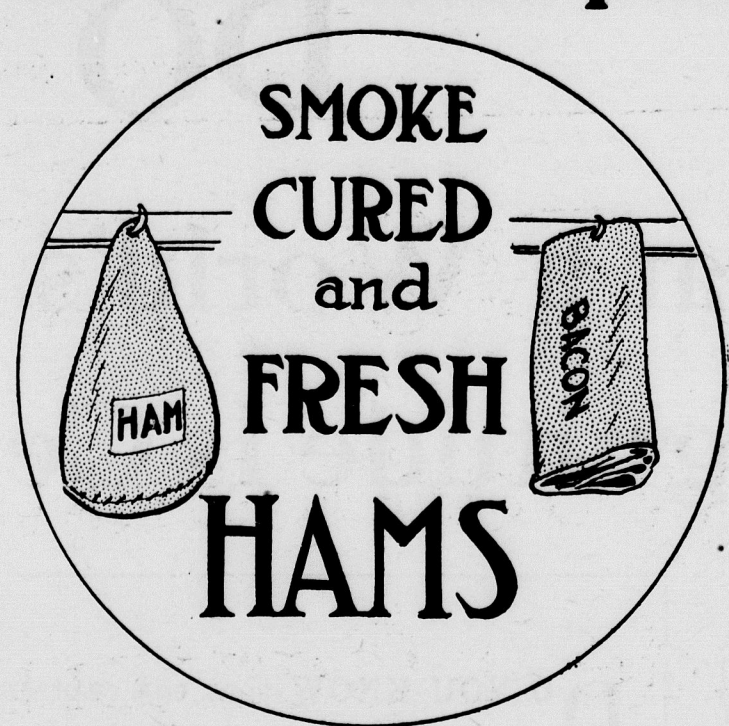
W. C. SCHNEIDER

227 Grand Avenue

South San Francisco

Prime Meat Headquarters

FANCY and PLAIN MEATS



NOT only the general run of good meats, but specialties are to be had at this store. Sweetbreads, tongue, chicken livers, etc., are here for your enjoyment. Tasty squabs and broilers for your dinner parties. Finest hams and bacon.

LIND'S MARKET

Shop Open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. (closed on Sunday)

First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, February 6th:

Sunday—Ann Murdock in "A Royal Family."
Monday—Edward Connelly in "Marse Covington."
Tuesday—Benefit show given under the auspices of Grace Church Choral Society.
Wednesday—High-class vaudeville and professional tryouts.
Thursday—John Barrymore in "Are You a Mason?"
Friday—Third episode of "The Red Circle" serial.
Saturday—William Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-one."

Best Shoes for Winter

Your health demands the wearing of a "safe" shoe during the winter months, a shoe that will keep the feet warm and dry.
We have just that identical shoe and are selling it at popular prices, for men, women and children.
We also are making close prices on Rubbers, and guarantee the quality to be of the best.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF L. A. Crossett and W. B. Douglas Shoes

Dowd's Shoe Store

305 GRAND AVENUE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

General Hospital

Cor. Grand and Spruce Avenues

Phone 115W South San Francisco, Cal.

Linden Hotel

208 Linden Avenue

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

MRS. E. J. VANDENBOS

\$300 cash down, and balance \$10 per month without interest buys a modern cottage within half block of stations in San Bruno.
\$750 cash buys six fine lots in San Bruno; fine homesites.
\$2500 cash buys equity in a \$9000 business property with income, on main business street of San Bruno.
See A. H. GREEN, San Bruno, Calif.

If You Want GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from

THE GREAT ABATTOIR

AT SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County - - - Cal.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO UNDERTAKING CO.

530 Grand Avenue

Neil Doyle and Wellar A. Stead

(Deputy Coroner)

LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

Phone South San Francisco 219

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
J. G. Walker, Master.
H. F. Minglehoff, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.
Chas. Dovin, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock.
Geo. E. Kiessling, Worthy President.
W. J. Smith, Secretary.
Visiting brothers welcome.

South City Lodge, No. 832, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.
C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Veit, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
George W. Hagedorn, Chief Ranger.
John J. McDonald, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Phone Main 122W

IVAN W. KEITH, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office Hours: 2 to 4, 6:30 to 8 p. m.
403 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

J. W. COLEBERD

ATTORNEY AT LAW

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

DR. J. C. MCGOVERN

DENTIST

Office: Galli Building

South San Francisco, San Mateo Co., Cal.

GEO. W. SCHNEIDER & CO.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

(Deputy Coroner)

Parlors 15 Ellsworth Ave., San Mateo, Cal. Telephone 797.

San Mateo County BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Assets - - \$381,696.80

Loans made on the Monthly Definite Contract Plans, paying in from 5 to 12 years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity. No premiums or unnecessary expense.
H. W. SCHABERG, Secretary.
Redwood City, Cal.

Curis Bros.

Dealers in Staple Groceries, Fine Fruit and Vegetables
IMPORTED OLIVE OIL
Fresh Fruit Daily Quick Delivery
243 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT.

What do you know about the subject of "Competition?" Is there anything left for you to learn? Is it true that "competition is the life of trade?"

Let us see.

A merchant in a certain town has no competition. He has everything his own way. He thinks he has the people right where he wants them and that they will have to go to him or go without.

He runs along nicely for a time and then begins to get careless. You notice that his floor needs sweeping, the windows could stand soap and water, dust collects on the goods and the counters, and cobwebs are seen in the corners.

Soon he thinks he ought to make more money with less work. He pushes prices up a cent or two and his pocketbook gets fatter. That looks good to him and he shoves the price up again.

He doesn't take the trouble to study his customers, their needs, and the conditions that prevail, because he has no competition. His store gets dingier and less inviting, and it lacks that homelike appearance of welcome when his customers call.

In time the customers begin to get tired, for they feel that they are being stung. Some turn to the mail order man, while others go miles out of their way to reach another town. They want something for their money.

Soon the merchant notices a shrinkage and wakes up. He makes desperate efforts to entice his customers back to him. But it is useless. They have had enough.

This merchant's business has been irreparably damaged by his indifference, neglect and greed, caused by the lack of competition.

But there is another side to this picture—one that is brighter and is seldom turned to the wall.

Where competition exists there is life, and energy, and brightness, and where these things are the people will go.

Competition brings to the surface and into use the best that is in every man, where otherwise these qualifications would often lie dormant and without avail. And these qualifications, when brought into play, attract and draw and hold the allegiance of the people.

The public asks no more than a fair return for its money, and if there is not sufficient competition in the home town to insure this then they will look elsewhere.

No man can expect to secure and hold the trade of any class of people just because he is himself. He may look good to himself, but if his goods are of proper quality and the price is right they will discount his personality a hundred per cent.

And competition forces every man to keep the right kind of goods and make the right kind of prices, and it is mainly the quality and price that keeps the trade in the home town.

The more competition you find in a town the cleaner and brighter the stores will be, and the tastier the displays, and the more attractive the price. These things spell life, and life is always appealing to the people.

It is competition that has developed our magnificent school system, and developed and broadened our religious institutions, and our railway systems, and the thousand and one enterprises that are making this the greatest commercial nation of the globe. It is the outlet and overflow of unbounded energy and ingenuity superinduced solely by necessity and competition.

To compete successfully with an adversary a merchant must know his people, and anticipate their desires, and meet them half way in every step they take. The people can be won, but they can not be bought.

The most successful merchants the world has ever produced are consistent and persistent users of advertising space in their local papers. They advertise because they know the people demand it and insist upon having what they demand.

The local merchant who uses the advertising columns of his home paper, keeps the goods the people want, and makes his prices right, need have no fear of competition. It will make him, as it has made others before him.

But failure to advertise when competition is in the field is the best and most effective means of sending the buyer to the other fellow.

SUPERIOR COURT NEWS

Mrs. Maud M. Hayward has applied in the superior court for letters of administration upon the estate of her husband, C. D. Hayward, who died on January 21st. The estate consists of the Hayward home, valued at \$4000, and personal property worth about \$5000. The value of the entire estate will be less than \$10,000. A deed was filed with the petition by which Mr. Hayward conveyed all of his property of whatsoever kind and character and wherever located to his wife. The instrument is dated at Woodside, September 13, 1897, and was acknowledged by J. F. Johnston, at that time the county recorder. The document was placed with the First National Bank of Redwood City, to be delivered to Mrs. Hayward on the death of her husband. Charles W. Merrill, brother of Mrs. Hayward, was given permission by the court during the week to open the safe deposit box of Mr. Hayward in the First National Bank and search for a will. A thorough search was made, both at the bank and at the office of the deceased, but no such document was discovered. Mrs. Hayward at once applied for letters. The petition of Mrs. Hayward will be heard on February 10th.

Horace Hatton, arrested on January 3d on a charge of stealing a horse at South San Francisco, was admitted to probation for a period of one year by Judge Buck. The court gave the young man, who is 31 years old, some wholesome advice. Hatton is not to drink any liquor for a year and he is not to enter a saloon for that period.

Mrs. Kittie C. Green, wife of Attorney Milton J. Green, formerly referee in bankruptcy, left an estate valued at \$40,000, and a petition for letters of administration was filed with the superior court last Saturday by Attorney Kenneth M. Green, a son of the deceased. The estate consists of San Mateo realty and an interest in the estate of the mother of the deceased. Mrs. Green died on January 13th, and her mother, Mrs. Mary M. Brock, passed away in Berkeley on January 10th.

Kenneth M. Green vs. South San Francisco Railroad and Power Company. Demurrer overruled and defendant allowed ten days to answer.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

ARTICHOKE CROP IS HARMED BY STORMS

The heavy rains and sharp frosts of the last month have done a quarter of a million dollars' worth of damage to the vegetable and grain crops of the communities along the coast. Reports from the western side of this county are to the effect that immense harm was caused in the storms, the artichoke crop, a big industry there, having suffered particularly.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

REDWOOD CITY ITEMS

(Democrat, Feb. 3.)

Judge Buck on Thursday made an order directing the board of supervisors to select 100 trial jurors for the fiscal year. The board will make the selection at its next meeting.

Ed T. McGettigan, secretary of the Redwood City chamber of commerce, and his family moved into their new bungalow on Claremont avenue, Wellesley Park, Saturday. The home is one of the prettiest on the Peninsula and was purchased by Mr. McGettigan from the Redwood City Realty Company.

Harold O. Heiner returned Tuesday from Hilo, Hawaiian islands, where he had gone last December, accompanied by Bart Hodge and Luke Nolan. The former county recorder is looking fine and enjoyed the trip immensely, but says the islands are no place for a white man. He left Hodge at Honolulu working for a steamship company. Nolan came home several weeks ago.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

Thos. A. Atkinson, Pastor.

At the services Sunday evening the pastor will preach a sermon in keeping with Thrift Day. The subject will be "The Proper Use of Money or Its Equivalent."

Rev. T. A. Atkinson and family have moved from Palo Alto to their new home at the corner of Crystal Springs and Poplar avenues, San Bruno.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.
Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Easter to Be Late This Year.

Easter Sunday falls on the 23d of April this year, the latest since 1905. It will not fall again as late until 1943, when it occurs on April 25th. Ash Wednesday will fall on March 8th this year.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, Pastor.
Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting, 11 a. m.
Junior League, Tuesday, 3:30 p. m.
Miss Crowhall, M. E. deaconess, superintendent.

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfluger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Adv.

Fragrant Coffee Ground or Bean



IN the rare old play, "Charley's Aunt," we learned that the ancient dame was a native of "Brazil, where the nuts come from." She might have added that our coffee comes from there also. An oversight on her part. All the best grades of Brazilian, Java and Mocha coffee in any quantity here.

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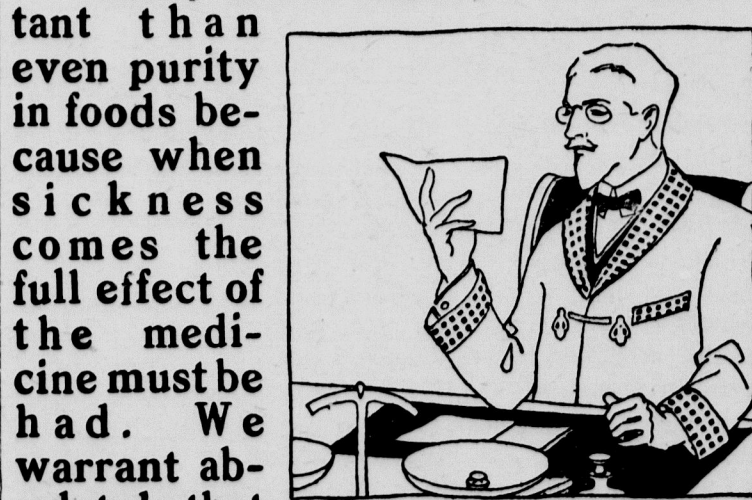
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Brown of Nevada

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's store?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?"

The general salesman jumped and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies upon a pair of tweed coat-tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite.

"By gracious!" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid it is Brown of Nevada."

"That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just look up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search of Pillikin, with a peculiar "misery-loves-company" expression, and found him looking piteously into the face of a Texas man who wanted his goods at ninety days, 12 per cent lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back, at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial. The Texas man baited poor Pillikin to the verge of desperation, and walked out of the store with the passing remark that he'd look in again.

Even the soul of the general salesman—and as a general thing this kind of a soul is not made of wax—melted at the haggard visage of Pillikin when he told him that Mr. Hardscrabble wanted to see him in the office. Yet to save his life he couldn't help adding, as Pillikin went dejectedly to obey the summons, that Hardscrabble had just seen Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. The general salesman had so often felt this sort of an iron enter into his soul that he couldn't help assisting to probe others.

Pillikin grew deadly pale. "Brown of Nevada," he said in a hoarse whisper—"into Scrimmage's?"

"It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so hard. "My gracious, man, you've got to be prepared for these things."

"I've had too many of them lately," said Pillikin. "I never had such luck in my life as I've had this season. Brown of Nevada is one of the men I thought I could rely upon. I've been looking for him all day."

"So you've slipped up with Brown, have you?" snarled the senior member, as poor Pillikin walked into the office. "It appears to me, Pillikin, you're losing the little vim you had last season. How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing? If you can't do better than this, you'd better not come to the store at all—just draw your salary and stay at home. Are you aware that this is the busy season—the short period when we are supposed to sell goods? If you'll take a memorandum of this fact it may help you a little when you see such men as Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. But the fact is, we can't blame Brown. He wants a live man to deal with, not a wooden one."

A hot flame leaped into the haggard face of Pillikin. "See here, Mr. Hardscrabble," he said, "if you're not satisfied, tell me so, but keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't allow any man to speak in that way to me."

"You don't, eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office, more dead than alive. The flame had died out of his cheeks and left them paler than before. His legs trembled beneath him as he walked out of the store.

The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble, remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard; he seemed all broke up."

Poor Pillikin walked on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly lose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have

held on to Brown of Nevada, all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada, what would he be worth elsewhere? How could he support his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy—making nine of them in all—upon any salary he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the bills must be settled at once. His account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. In spite of the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as he saw the black waves of the East river surging against the slimy sides of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin. While the temptation assailed him, the chains rattled, the newsboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the boat bumped against the dock, the crowd pushed him along, and he found himself plodding his homeward way. He couldn't bear the depressing influence of the street cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't need a high hat in the menial employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrabble & Co.'s and had lost the trade of Brown of Nevada. When he at last reached home, his fingers were so numb with the cold that he could hardly get the key in the door—but this doesn't matter in the least. Several young and energetic parties ran to let him in; his plump, pretty wife took his coat and kissed him; his still plumper, prettier sister-in-law took his hat and cane and kissed him; a half dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cozy; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire, and an inviting meal was wasting its unctuous odor in the halls below.

"My love," said his wife, "how late you are."

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we were so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada."

"Jo! dear Jo—my husband! my love! my darling—what is the matter?"

For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, put his head upon the table and burst into tears. It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had been badgered, and worried, and on his feet all day; besides, the March winds had pierced to the marrow of his bones. To find all this love and cheer and comfort awaiting him; to remember how he periled them all in his cowardice while on the ferryboat, and, above all, for his sweet sister-in-law to pelt him with the crushing name of Brown of Nevada—it was too much for poor Jo Pillikin. He wept, not as a woman whom tears console and comfort as they flow, but as a strong man weeps when the first keenness is added to the agony of despair.

Pretty Mrs. Pillikin got down on her knees and wept on his shoulder, her sister cried on the other shoulder, and all the little Pillikins set up a howl, none of them knowing in the least what they were crying about save poor Jo, whose tears ceased to flow when he found how contagious they were.

In the midst of all this uproar a man mounted the stoop and rang the bell; but it was Bridget's day out, and in all this noisy distress none of the Pillikins heard the bell. Pillikin had in his agitation left the door ajar, and nobody had thought to shut it. So the stranger walked into the little reception room, hoping that he would soon have an opportunity of making himself known. When all this sobbing fell upon his ear he was annoyed and shocked, and scarcely knew what to do. Through a crevice in the door that separated the reception from the dining room he saw Jo Pillikin sitting by the table, his head

bowed upon his hands, with one pretty young woman dressed in some soft, warm, gray material sobbing on one of his shoulders, and a still younger and prettier woman dressed in black sobbing on the other shoulder, while around the room, all about the floor and chairs, were innumerable children, all howling at the top of their lungs.

Pillikin hastily dried his tears and composed his features, and then began to soothe his family. He took one of the pretty women on one knee, the other on the other knee, and gave each of his ten fingers to the young brood, hushing and coaxing them into calm.

"There, there," said Jo, "don't cry any more; I'm a heartless brute to have worried you so. But I couldn't help it. I feel better now, but I never was so completely broken up in my life. I don't mind telling you that I've done a very imprudent thing. It has weighed like a mountain of lead upon my heart and conscience; but I feel more courageous now that I know you love me well enough to share the burden. But I ought to have kept my temper. A man ought to think of his family when his situation is at stake, and it was enough to make Hardscrabble lose whatever decency he had to see Brown of Nevada go into Scrimmage & Co.'s."

Both the women started and turned pale.

"Oh, Sue!" faltered the wife to her sister, "Brown of Nevada!"

"Oh, Kate!" gasped the young widow to the wife—"into Scrimmage & Co.'s!"

"Brown of Nevada!" the repeated together, shaking their heads mournfully.

"Yes, Brown of Nevada," repeated Jo, also shaking his head mournfully, but feeling consoled, in spite of himself, with his family's full appreciation of the disaster that had befallen him. "This was the drop that overflowed the bitterness of my cup. Brown has always been my best card. It was a pleasure to sell to Mr. Brown. Most of these men would skin a flea for its hide. But there was nothing mean about Brown."

"There is something mean in his going to Scrimmage's," said Mrs. Pillikin.

"I call it a very dishonorable action," said the widow.

"No," said Pillikin, "not dishonorable, exactly; but I must say if he was not satisfied with me he might have bought his goods of some other concern and not gone over to Scrimmage's right before Hardscrabble's eyes."

Here something like a distant cough was heard. They all looked around, but thought it must be one of the children.

"It was like flinging a red bag in the face of a mad bull," continued Jo. "Hardscrabble was white with rage, and didn't know what he said. I'm sorry now I allowed myself to reply as I did. But it was a bitter blow to me to know that Brown of Nevada, of all other men in the trade, should—But I tell you there's somebody in the other room." Poor Jo turned pale again. "I'm afraid it's Brown with that bill. I told him to call around. I can't pay him now; it's impossible. But I'll have to see him, I suppose."

"No," said his sister-in-law, springing to her feet. "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see anybody."

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll call around next week. Heaven knows when I can pay him now; but say that I'll call around."

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception room, and found there a young man of fine proportions and frank, pleasant countenance, who immediately began to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door ajar, I took the liberty of walking in. I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause of any trouble, but if you'll first tell Mr. Pillikin that my name is Brown, he'll guess the nature of my errand."

"We all know your errand," said the widow. "My poor, dear brother-in-law guessed it right away. About the first of the month there are so many people coming here upon the same errand. I've got a splendid idea what to do with them. My

brother-in-law is such a dear, good fellow, he's always robbing himself to help others. He's given me a home, and my little orphan boy a home, but no wonder he can't pay his bills. But I've got a piano and stool, and lots of music, and a cover that I've embroidered with my own hands, and these must be worth something considerable."

"Something very considerable," said the stranger, looking at the young widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the piano, and stool, and music, and embroidered cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now, I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill; what is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lip and smiled. "There is some mistake," he said.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?"

"I have not come to collect a bill. My name is Brown, certainly, but I don't think it's the same Brown. If you'll tell your brother-in-law that I'm Brown of Nevada—"

"Oh!" gasped the widow, and for a moment Brown thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself and her breath and color again. She clasped her hands and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes. "Brown of Nevada!" she repeated—"Brown of Nevada! Oh, my gracious!"

"Yes; I hurried over here to correct an error that had reached your brother-in-law's ears. I did not go into Scrimmage's to buy goods, it was only to meet a friend."

"Only to meet a friend!" repeated the widow, still devouring him with her large, soft, pathetic eyes. "And you did not buy your goods at Scrimmage's?"

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I always do."

"As you always do!" repeated the widow, tears springing to her eyes and her lovely face suffused with a sort of rapture that really embarrassed Brown. "Of course. As you always do! And you are really Brown of Nevada?" And here she began to walk to the door, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the young merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada."

"Dear me! isn't it wonderful—perfectly splendid? You'll just stay here a minute, won't you, while I go and tell Jo?"

"I'll stay here any quantity of minutes."

And out glided the young widow, leaving Brown in as delicious a daze as she was herself.

"Jo—Jo," said the widow to her brother-in-law, raising his dejected head and shaking him energetically by the shoulder. "Kate, my sister—my dear ones, prepare yourselves! Don't let it come on you too sudden."

"Good heavens!" cried poor Pillikin, leaping to his feet. "What has happened? What is it now?"

"It's—it's not the Mr. Brown with the bill, Jo."

"Who is it—what is it? Misfortunes never come alone. I'm pre—" "It's—it's—oh, Jo, it's Brown of Nevada!"

"Great heavens!" said Jo, springing to the door.

"And he didn't buy his goods of Scrimmage. He went there to meet a friend, and he will buy his goods of you, as he always does," said the young widow in a crescendo that at last reached a shrill treble. But Jo was already wringing the hand of his friend Brown.

"Apart from the fact that you have not gone back on me, Brown," said poor Pillikin, "I don't mind telling you your presence is a reprieve from all sorts of miseries; but how the deuce did you find me out?"

"Why, one of your general salesmen over there—I forget his name—told me you and Hardscrabble had some words about my going into Scrimmage's. He said you were so cut up about it, and didn't appear to be well when you left the store; so I thought I'd take a cab and come over. It was a pleasant night—that is—I had lots of things to do, but—hang it! I wanted to come, and I'm glad I did."

"So am I, Brown—God bless you, so am I!"

Then poor Pillikin, relieved of the burden of doubt and wretchedness that had oppressed him, and having

there before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade, poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serious enthusiasm that bespoke of the occasion.

As for Brown of Nevada, he could not keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the rustling of drapery outside.

The two little women were flying around downstairs in the kitchen and upstairs in the dining room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye—their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter, and hoisted to her sister in the dining room above, who whisked them upon the table—and what with the haste and happiness and unexpectedness of it all, when they rang the bell and invited the gentlemen out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never saw or tasted.

From pitying Jo Pillikin, he began to envy him. How hollow, and cold, and altogether unsatisfactory was the life of a bachelor—particularly out in Nevada!

The March wind still roared and howled, and the March sleet yet beat upon the Pillikin window-panes, and nothing would do but Brown of Nevada must stay all night.

He knew it must be the widow's room that he slept in (as indeed it was—that little woman and her orphan boy crowded in with the little Pillikins), and Brown of Nevada went all around admiring the pretty knickknacks, and worsted work, and embroidery that was, of course, the work of the fair widow's hands. He went to sleep and dreamed that Pillikin was so steeped in pecuniary difficulties that the widow found the piano and stool, and music, and even the embroidered cover, were only a drop in the bucket; so, in her warm generosity, she threw herself in, and stood upon the piano to be raffled off by the creditors and friends of Pillikin. Brown threw double sixes every time, and had just made arrangements to have the widow, piano, etc., shipped out to Nevada with the rest of his goods when the breakfast bell rang. He awoke, and blushed to find what absurdities a man will dream, and blushed still more when the soft, innocent eyes of the widow met his own over the potatoes and the muffins and the scrambled eggs and the multitude of good things, which he found out afterward she had made with her own hands.

Her orphan was a fine little fellow, and would make a splendid man some day if he was taken where there was room to grow.

But who can picture the pride of Pillikin when he walked into the store next morning arm in arm with Brown of Nevada? Mr. Hardscrabble was just bullying one of the heads of stock, and catching a glimpse of this touching spectacle, he rushed forward, with tender hospitality placed an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of each, and thus lovingly linked together the three walked down the store.

And the saying is that whatever you dream in a strange bed is sure to come true; and I shouldn't wonder if, when Brown went back to Nevada, he'd take all those things he won at that imaginary raffle—all except the piano, and stool, and music, and embroidered cover. These the dear little widow declares she will leave to the young Pillikins.

Not the Teapot's Fault.

Pat was very fond of strong tea. He always praised a housekeeper according to the strength of the tea she made. The other day the woman of the house where Pat worked was pouring tea for breakfast. It was coming out very slowly, and the good woman asked Pat to excuse the teapot, as it had a bad spout. Pat (not liking the look of the tea) replied: "Begorry, ma'am, don't blame the teapot, for anything weak must go aisy."

Convinced

Rosamond Deane was sitting at breakfast in her home in the center of a Georgia plantation. She was a spinster, and as Queen Elizabeth was married to the state, so was Miss Deane married to a girl friend. That friend had left her some time before to take her invalid mother to Europe. Letters were received from the traveler postmarked Naples, Rome, Florence, Lucerne and other points. The last, received from a little seacoast town in England, announced that the writer would be at home within a few weeks.

While Miss Deane was breakfasting that morning it was fated that she should receive the surprise of her life. Chloe, an old darky woman who was born on the plantation, came into the room carrying a basket and exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, Missy Rosa, wha' yo' spouse I found on de po'ch?"

Placing the basket on the table, she turned down an embroidered blanket and exposed the face of a girl baby that appeared to be three or four weeks old.

"Poor, dear little motherless child!" exclaimed Miss Deane, bending over the baby and kissing her.

"Wha' yo' t'ink o' dat woman who lef' her baby to some un else?" grumbled Chloe.

But Miss Deane heard not. She was busy uncovering the child with a view to examining the clothing for a mark of identity. The apparel was of fine texture, but there was nothing on it to give a clew.

"Well, Chloe," said Rosamond, "I'm sorry for its mother, but her loss is our gain. We will keep it. The house won't be so lonely hereafter."

"Ef yo' do when yo' some to lub it somebody come along and tak' it away from yo' sho."

"I can't help that. I can't turn the little stranger away."

But fickle fate, having brought a joy, turned about several days later and brought a sorrow. A letter came announcing the death of Miss Deane's bosom friend. It was dictated by the dead girl's mother, but was written by a man. The shock to Rosamond was severe and was the more intense that she had expected any day to receive word that her friend had arrived in America. For a time she forgot the little girl who had come to her in her grief; then suddenly it occurred to her that the child had been sent by providence as a compensation for her loss. Taking the little one in her arms, she covered her with kisses.

In due time a letter was received, written in the same hand as the first and signed Edward Warick, stating that the mother had survived the daughter but a few days and both would be buried in England. This was a disappointment to Rosamond, who had hoped for the satisfaction of at least keeping her friend's grave green.

The clothes in which the foundling had been received were put away that they might possibly serve as an identification in the future. Chloe was installed as nurse. Miss Deane acted as mother. Months passed without any intimation as to the baby's parentage, and what was at first desired came to be dreaded. By the time little Winifred, as her foster mother named her, reached the age of six months she had so completely wound herself around the heart of Rosamond Deane and Chloe that any one appearing to claim her would have been regarded as an enemy.

When Winifred was eighteen months old her foster mother received a letter, postmarked Philadelphia, that astonished her. It was written in a man's hand, and an attempt seemed to have been made to disguise it. It stated that a child had been left at Miss Deane's plantation whose identity at the time could not be divulged without causing serious trouble. A change had come in the situation owing to the demise of the child's grandfather. A check for \$1800 was inclosed as payment for what had been expended on the child and more would from time to time be forthcoming. This was all the information contained in the letter, ex-

cept that the baby had been born in wedlock.

"Wha' I tole yo', missy?" cried old Chloe when the contents of this letter were made known to her. "Nex' t'ing some fine lady or gemmen come down with a kerridge and carry de baby off."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Deane, shocked at the mere prospect of such an event.

From this time Winifred's foster mother and nurse lived in a state of anxiety. An envelope came once a month containing a check for \$100. The envelopes were addressed in different hands and were postmarked from different places, mostly abroad. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Munich seemed to be the abiding places of the sender, though one or two had been mailed in America. One day a letter came, evidently from the person who sent the checks, as follows:

"It has been suggested to me that a possible taking away from you of the child left in your care may be harrowing to you. I therefore take this means of assuring you that she will not be removed from you without your consent."

"Ennybody knows a fool man wrote dat letter," grumbled Chloe. "He hadn't sense enough to know ef one took de chile in one wouldnt want to gib her up."

"You're right, Chloe," replied Rosamond. "Some woman in his confidence has told him how unjust he was to us to keep us in a state of anxiety. It's a pity he did not think of it himself when he wrote the first note. I wonder if he is any relation to Winifred?"

"Like enough he de fadder. He mus' be mighty mean to keep de baby away from de mudder."

"We are completely in the dark about the matter, Chloe," replied Rosamond, "and there is no use in our speculating about it. I expect, however, that some day it will be explained. Winnie is evidently the daughter of parents of the upper social strata. At any rate, whoever is sending us money for her use must be wealthy. Half of what we receive would more than cover the cost of keeping her."

Miss Deane might have added that all the amounts received had gone into a savings bank, to be used as a dowry for the child when she should come to womanhood.

One day Chloe, who was dusting so fiercely that it was evident something was irritating her, let out upon her mistress:

"I don' t'ink a woman wha' hab children hab de right to marry ag'in nohow."

"Why, Chloe, what put that into your head?"

"A stepfadder air pretty nigh as bad as a stepmudder—sometimes wo'se."

"Come, Chloe, explain. What are you drivin' at?"

"Ef yo' marry Marse Childers like enough he git all de money wha' you' put in the bank fo' Winnie."

"Good gracious, Chloe! What makes you think I'm going to marry Mr. Childers?"

"Ef yo' ain't goin' to marry Marse Childers wha' fo' all de flowers he sendin' you', I lak to know?"

Rosamond's blushes indicated that Chloe was not far from right. Henry Childers had recently come into the vicinity, had met Miss Deane and had soon begun to pay her marked attention. He was an attractive man, and Miss Deane had not shown any disposition to turn him away.

"Chloe," she said soothingly, "Mr. Childers is very fond of children, and it is the gentleness he shows toward Winnie that has attracted me to him."

"Fond o' chillun! Just yo' wait till he git chillun ob his own. Winnie hab to take a back seat."

Notwithstanding this protest Miss Deane continued to accept the attentions of Mr. Childers. He was evidently a gentleman and seemed to be comfortably situated in a financial way. He was not a man of business, seeming inclined, rather, to the agricultural life of the south. He said that he would like to manage a cotton plantation, and whenever one was for

sale it was offered to him. But none of them seemed to be exactly what he wanted. His main object seemed to be courting Miss Deane. At last he proposed to her. She put him off by repeating what Chloe had said about Winifred. He asked her if that was the only reason for her refusal of him. Rosamond admitted that it was. He asked her if she would consent provided he would satisfy her that his treatment of the little girl would be always kind and affectionate. She replied that no one could give any such assurance or, at least, it could not be relied on. He left her, saying that he would convince her beyond a doubt.

The same evening a darky rode up to the plantation house with an envelope for Miss Deane. It was addressed in Mr. Childers' handwriting. She took it to her room, where she would be alone, to read.

It contained a story too long to be given here. The following is a synopsis of it: Rosamond's bosom friend, who had gone abroad with her invalid mother, had met a young American whom she had soon come to love and who loved her. He had nothing of his own, though his father was wealthy and allowed him an income, which he was spending in travel. He had cabled his father that he was about to wed an American girl of no fortune. The reply was, "If you do, your income will be cut off and you will be disinherited." The result was a secret marriage.

The only person in the secret of the marriage was the young wife's mother. A baby came, and its mother died. She had planned the future of her child in case of her death before its parentage could be acknowledged. Her husband was to take the little one to America and leave it with her friend Rosamond Deane. When the child's grandmother died he returned to America and, not daring to give up his secret to any one, had the baby left on Miss Deane's porch. His father died, and his son came into the possession of a fortune. At the time of the father's death the son was abroad. His wife had given him a sealed letter to be opened two years after her death. It was inclosed to Rosamond with the other manuscript. This letter expressed a wish that he should marry Rosamond Deane and they should bring up her child together. He was Henry Childers.

Rosamond perused the narrative with deep emotion. She wondered that her friend had not given her a hint of her marriage, but remembered that she had no right to do so. She went over what had passed since the advent of the child and could not but admire the care with which the secret had been kept. A singular decree of fate was that she had named the foundling for her absent friend, its mother.

When Mr. Childers came the next day, on meeting Rosamond he asked: "Are you convinced?"

For reply she suffered him to take her in his arms.—By F. A. Mitchel.

CHEERS FOR HOBSON NOW

We must prepare!

Richmond P. Hobson, former congressman and present naval expert, uttered this sentiment in many different words before the Kansas City bar association, but every time he said it was force and vehemence. There was none of the hilarity of former days when this same Captain Hobson preached preparedness to deafened ears.

There must be a fleet in the Atlantic greater than that of the greatest military nation in Europe. It is absolutely necessary to have a navy in the Pacific which can curb the mightiest army of any nation in Asia. It is the price of peace. So said the earnest naval expert.

Germany a Menace.

"I know whereof I speak," he said. "Take Germany as an example, because it is the greatest military nation of Europe. If it obtained dominion over the Atlantic it could invest in four weeks every important city on our Atlantic seaboard from Boston to Norfolk. It would collect millions of tribute and we would have to pay it."

"Then we would begin to prepare. It would take us twenty-five years to recover from the humiliation of defeat and to obtain the power to win

CALIFORNIA WOMEN FOR HOME INDUSTRY

The women of California are the strongest supporters of the home industry movement and have been ever since California became a producing state.

The housewife is the purchasing agent of the home. A big per cent of the money spent for food, clothing and other necessities is spent by her. She knows how to buy both for quality and for price.

It is on this money spent by the housewife that the home-town merchants and manufacturers of the state depend for the bulk of their business.

Briefly the reasons why the housewife spends her money for California-made goods with the home-town merchant are as follows:

First—The first and foremost reason why she patronizes her home-town merchant is because a careful comparison of price and value shows that on nearly everything she saves money by so doing.

Second—Merchandise sold by the home-town merchant is of standard quality and workmanship and this quality is backed not only by the merchant, but by the factory close at hand as well.

Third—Because she can always see and inspect the article before she buys it.

Fourth—If she is not satisfied with the article, it is easy and convenient to either exchange it for something more suitable or to get her money back. She does not have to go to the bother of writing a letter and packing it for shipment and take another chance of its getting lost or broken.

Fifth—When she buys from the home-town merchant he gives her the benefit of his experience if she is in doubt as to her needs. This advice is valuable and sometimes not appreciated.

Sixth—If she spends her money with her home-town merchant when she has the cash, the merchant gets to know her and in the event she needs credit, she can secure it. This is impossible from concerns at a distance.

Seventh—About 30 cents of every \$1 that she spends at home stays here and is distributed to the rest of the community in the way of wages, rent, interest, doctor bills, lawyer fees and the purchase of the necessities of life for the merchant. Only a small fraction of it goes to swell the merchant's private bank account.

Eighth—The home-town merchant employs her sons and daughters and friends. The amount of patronage given local stores will regulate not only the number of people employed, but the scale of wages paid as well.

Ninth—The more business that is done here, the faster and bigger our town will grow, thus increasing the value of our property.

Tenth—The merchants want her trade to-morrow as well as to-day and

the day that was to come. But we would be a military nation by that time just as much as any nation in Europe is to-day."

First we need a council of national defense. He urged his hearers to help in having congress put this into a law. He told how every nation, beginning with Germany and ending with Japan, had installed this efficient, economic and sure method of obtaining a national defense and, incidentally, offense.

Army and Navy the Answer.

"There are two methods whereby this nation may prepare for defense," the speaker said. "One is through an army. The other is through a navy. One means the sacrifice of men. The other the use of wealth. Why should we not select the one which involves only money?"

"The time is not here for universal peace. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Every nation on earth with only one or two exceptions depends on its life through means of the sword. These peace-loving persons who ask us to fold our hands are the enemies of our race."

The speaker said he believed that through the present war would result a tribunal of nations or races which would have power to control the action in the future of any one nation.

they are always glad to give her a square deal to get and keep it.

The merchant who takes advantage of this tendency by advertising in his home-town paper is bound to rapidly build his business and to profit thereby.

It is the merchant's duty to help the housewife by keeping on his shelves a full stock of California made and produced goods.

DAIRIES SHOULD PASTEURIZE MILK TO SAVE PEOPLE FROM TYPHOID

"Pasteurize milk and prevent typhoid."

This is declared the lesson of a recent outbreak of typhoid fever at Richmond, now proved to have been caused by typhoid bacilli in milk. Milk from the same dairy, drunk in Berkeley by a dozen times as many people, caused not a single case of typhoid because it had been pasteurized, by heating it to 145 degrees for thirty minutes.

The story of this triumphant proof that raw milk ought to be pasteurized before it is sold, save when thorough medical examination of the dairy employees can be required at frequent intervals, is told in a paper just published by Dr. J. C. Geiger, assistant director, and Dr. F. S. Kelly, bacteriologist, of the bureau of communicable diseases maintained at the University of California by the California state board of health.

When typhoid was reported at Richmond, Dr. Geiger and Dr. Kelly discovered that all twelve patients had used milk from a large dairy near Richmond. They found that just before the Richmond outbreak a milker had been sent from this dairy to a Berkeley hospital suffering from typhoid. Undoubtedly he was the source of infection in this milk, for the epidemic at once ceased.

But if Richmond had twelve cases, the scientists asked, why did not Berkeley, where more than six thousand people drank this same milk, show a similar outbreak? On investigation they found that pasteurization had saved the day. The dairy substation at Richmond had been distributing the milk without pasteurizing it, while this same milk when sent to Berkeley for distribution was there carefully pasteurized by heating. Thus while the taste of the milk was not changed, any possible danger was prevented that disease might be spread in case a milker was suffering from typhoid, diphtheria, sore throat, colds, intestinal troubles, or any other form of a large number of diseases which can be carried in unpasteurized milk. Such germs are destroyed by pasteurization.

Next fall a state law is to go into effect which will require all milk sold in California to be pasteurized unless it comes from a certified dairy. This milk-borne epidemic in which cases of typhoid were caused in one town and not a single case in a community close by, which used a dozen times as much of the same milk, is pointed to by the scientists as convincing proof of the great wisdom of the new law requiring pasteurization of milk and the immense value it promises to the community in preventing the spread of typhoid, tuberculosis, intestinal troubles, and a host of other preventable ailments of mankind.

Heeded the Sign.

Near Springfield, Mass., there is a big park-like estate owned by a man who has a strong detestation of trespassers. To prevent the violation of his privacy he posted all manner of warning signs on his place.

One evening he encountered a strange couple taking a "lovers' walk" on his property.

"Can't you read?" growled the owner, as he pointed to a sign.

"We can read, all right," said the swain.

"That sign there?" demanded the man, with another growl.

"We read it," returned the other. "It says 'Private,' and that's just why we came down here."

Fa's Opinion.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the joyous girl, as she tapped her boot with a whip, "what do you thing of my new riding habit?"

"Daughter," replied Mr. Growcher, after a solemn survey, "that doesn't look to me like a habit. It looks more like a permanent affliction."

FRATERNAL ORDERS

(By Harry Edwards.)

The following, taken from a fraternal journal, may be said to be a beautiful composition:

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(The original of this beautiful composition, bearing date of July 4, 1823, was captured by a soldier in the Army of the Potomac at Yorktown, Va., May 5, 1862, which leads us to believe that all enemies are not bad men.)

Thou to the Mercy Seat our souls doth gather. To do our duty unto Thee. **Our Father** To whom all praises, all honor should be given. **Give Us This Day** Thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole fame forever, therefore. **Hallowed Be Thy Name** Let nevermore delays divide us from Thy glorious grace, but of Let. **Thy Kingdom Come** Let Thy commands opposed be by none but Thy good pleasure and. **Thy Will Be Done** And let our promptness to obey be even the very same. **On Earth as 'Tis in Heaven** Then, for our souls, O Lord, we also pray Thou wouldst be pleased to. **Give Us This Day** The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed, sufficient raiment and. **Our Daily Bread** With every needful thing do Thou relieve us. And of Thy Mercy. **And Forgive Us** All our misdeeds for Him whom Thou didst please to make an offering for. **Our Tresspasses** And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe that Thou wilt pardon us. **As We Forgive** Let that love teach. Wherewith Thou dost acquaint us to pardon all. **Those Who Trespass Against Us** And though sometimes Thou findest we have forgot this love for Thee, yet help. **And Lead Us Not** Through soul or body wants to desperation, nor let earth's gain drive us. **Into Temptation** Let not the soul of any true believer fall in the time of trial. **But Deliver** Yea, save them from the malice of the devil. And, both in life and death, keep. **Us From Evil** Thus pray we, Lord, that of Thee, from Whom this may be had. **For Thine Is the Kingdom** This world is of Thy work, its wondrous story to Thee belongs. **The Power and the Glory** And all Thy wondrous works have ended never, but will remain forever and. **Forever** Thus we poor creatures would confess again, and thus would say eternally. **Amen**

The conditions of the weather are fine at this writing and prospects look like an open window—or winter.

Not what seems fair, but what is true; Not what we dream, but good we do; These are the things that shine like gems, Like stars in fortune's diamdems.

We all receive and radiate benefit by association at meetings of the various fraternities. It pays to be friendly with each other, to smile, clasp hands and converse. The friendships that have been formed in this way have made many, very many, lives happy and have been like green fields, flowery walks, sunshine and sweet waters to what might otherwise be a weary journey through life. Be friendly, make the stranger welcome, and don't forget the little courtesies due all those with whom you associate.

I.
Let us believe
That there is hope for all the hearts
that grieve.

II.
That somewhere night
Drifts to a morning beautiful with
light.

III.
And that the past
Unites us to God's future, splendid,
vast.

Talk fraternalism, act as a fraternalist, live up to the principles of your fraternity. By so doing you will be speeding on the time when the law of universal brotherhood will govern the world.

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

The large crowd of whist players who attended Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters', party Tuesday evening had a very enjoyable time.

Everything going to make things pleasant was there. Beautiful weather (as ordered), the hall made comfortable, a good selection of prizes, a nice luncheon and a social gathering of our best San Mateo county pleasure-seekers, everybody having a splendid evening.

The large class initiation will be held Tuesday evening, February 8th. The thirty-ninth degree will be conferred on several. This degree has been worked in California a very short

time. Court San Francisco, No. 10's, famous team will have charge of the floor work. A good time will be had. All Foresters and Companions are requested to be there.

The dispensation closes March 31st. South San Francisco is showing herself in the new membership role.

The St. Patrick's dance committee has announced tickets and advertisements are being distributed. A huge success is already assured us.

Be sure and attend the Eagles' benefit dance at Metropolitan Hall tonight. This dance is given for a worthy cause and should be a big success.

"Freely ye have received, freely give!"

Reports from Assistant Supreme Chief Ranger Frank E. Hand show that \$1287.50 had been collected for the Pacific coast happiness fund that went to the widows and orphans of the Pacific coast for Christmas cheer. Court Violet loomed up well and \$33 was sent from this South San Francisco court to help the ones in need and bring cheer to the hearts of the unfortunate. Charity is the groundwork of our orders.

It is the duty of every man to protect and provide for the needs and welfare of his family living and after death.

How many people believe in this and are satisfied by living from day to day, not thinking of the future and the hardships that will be endured by those left, through neglect, and thrown out upon the world? Don't let opportunity go by without considering what a great burden will be lifted from your mind, knowing that you and yours are protected from sickness and death. The fraternal world is open to give you this protection.

And you, without family cares, have you given it a thought that should you become permanently disabled what would you do as a helpless cripple?

In union there is strength. Over one thousand members drew their 70 per cent seventy-year age benefit, 750 drew their 70 per cent total and permanent disability benefits, 120 members are receiving free treatment in our own tubercular sanatoriums, over 500 orphans are being cared for as required, \$3,957,952.58 paid in benefits in 1914. Nearly \$25,000,000 in treasury—105 per cent solvent. Every man and woman should have protection.

"Prosperity has ruined many a man," declared Murphy.

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Murphy, "if I was going to be ruined at all, I'd prefer prosperity to do it."

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

MERCHANTS' CREDIT SYSTEM PROVING VERY SATISFACTORY

At a well-attended meeting of the retail trade committee of the chamber of commerce held Friday night in Redwood City the recently installed credit system was discussed from every angle and its value was enhanced by the addition of several dozen names to the list created a few weeks ago. Many of the merchants present reported that many persons who have been previously listed have settled their accounts and they ask that the names of these persons be stricken from the list and placed on a good credit basis.

Discussion of the accounts led to a pledge from the members of the committee that they would go over their books "with a fine comb" and file complete reports. It is estimated that with this completed the credit bureau will have on file ratings covering some several hundred names.

"Because She Loved Him So," at Royal Theatre, Feb. 8th, 8 p. m.

LOCAL REALTY TRANSFERS.

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to South City Lot Company—Lots 7 and 8, block R, Peck's subdivision to South San Francisco.

For sale or exchange for South San Francisco improved property, 8 1-3 acres good land, suitable for all kinds of fruit or alfalfa, on traction line, twenty-five miles south of Sacramento; \$150 per acre. Box 55, South San Francisco. Advt.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

Mrs. H. G. Plymire of Oakland was a visitor to this city on Friday.

Died—In this city, February 3, 1916, Richard Conlon, a steel worker. Born—in this city, February 2, 1916, to the wife of Joseph Bildhauer, a son.

J. L. Debenedetti of San Mateo, formerly in business in this city, was a visitor here yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams of San Francisco took charge of the Metropolitan Hotel rooms on February 1st.

Earl Hamilton of San Francisco, formerly of this city, was here on Thursday visiting friends.

Charles Coombes, formerly of this city and now of Ocean View, is reported very ill and confined to his bed.

J. Maffieri's new house on Baden avenue was completed Wednesday by Brunner & Taylor. Mr. Maffieri moved in on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Lechner and daughter, who had charge of the rooms of the Metropolitan Hotel, left Thursday for Tehama county, where they will reside on their ranch.

On Wednesday there were demonstrations of Buick and Studebaker auto trucks before the city trustees. The board is contemplating buying one for the fire department.

The third annual St. Patrick's dance will be given by Court Violet, No. 145, I. O. F., in Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, March 17, 1916. Union music. Floor manager, Fred Schmidt; assistants, William McGrath, John McDonald, Ed Meehan and C. Mercks.

The second annual grand ball given by Hose Company No. 2 will be held in Metropolitan Hall on Saturday evening, March 4th. Good union music. Dancing all night and owl cars. Admission for gentlemen 50 cents, ladies complimentary. Floor manager, Will McGrath; assistants, Louis Ringue, James McDonald and John McDonald.

There will be a benefit ball in Metropolitan Hall to-night for the benefit of Mrs. J. Rostoni and children, given under the auspices of South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E. Every one should attend, as this is for a worthy cause. Admission, gents 50 cents, ladies complimentary. Floor manager, Dr. J. C. McGovern; assistants, Paul Ferron, W. J. Smith and J. Tacchi.

"Because She Loved Him So," a comedy, at the Royal Theatre, Tuesday evening, February 8th, at 8 o'clock. Charlie Chaplin between the acts. Given under the auspices of Grace Church Choral Society for the benefit of the organ fund. Tickets on sale at South City Pharmacy and Royal Theatre. Admission 25 cents, reserved 35 cents, balcony 50 cents.

San Mateo Lodge, No. 7, local butchers, has consolidated with the mother lodge, No. 1 of San Francisco. There was a membership of twenty-five here, so consolidation was brought about for the betterment of the members. A delegation of eighteen left here on Thursday evening for San Francisco, where they were admitted. Peter Lind took in several in his automobile. After the business of the lodge was transacted a banquet was held at which there were over a hundred seated. A general good time was enjoyed by all.

SLIDES TO ADVERTISE SAN MATEO CO. ON LECTURE TOUR

The San Mateo county development association, through its secretary, F. L. Ekward, has made arrangements with a well-known lecturer named David Lever, who is making a tour of the middle west, to show a series of slides of San Mateo county scenes in conjunction with pictures of the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Mr. Ekward has been working on the slides for over a month and they were completed and turned over to Lever, who expects to start on his tour at once. The development association secured the service without any cost further than the production of the slides.

Lost—A small brown muff with three tails, Sunday evening, January 9th, at Dr. Keith's corner, Grand and Maple avenues. Suitable reward to the finder who returns to this office. Advt.

"WATER KING" OF DALY CITY DIES

J. W. Bloom, known as the "Water King" of Daly City and Ocean View, died at his home in Daly City last Friday. Bloom was to have appeared Monday as defendant in a \$10,000 damage suit brought by Frederick W. Van Orden, who alleged "malicious prosecution" when Bloom turned off the water from Van Orden's property in Daly City because of alleged failure of Van Orden to pay his water bills.

"NO TREAT" CLUB IN SACRAMENTO

Dr. T. J. Cox, Bankers W. E. Gerber and Alden Anderson and other prominent men are among the members of the "No Thank You" club just organized in Sacramento. The members will wear buttons inscribed "No Thank You," which will be pointed to whenever the wearers are invited to have a drink.

Poor Dad!

"Every one in our family is some kind of an animal," said Jimmie to the amazed preacher.

"Why, you shouldn't say that," the good man exclaimed.

"Well," said Jimmie, "mother's a dear, the baby is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid, and dad's the goat."

His Test.

"Casey," said Pat, "how do yez tell th' age of a fowl?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth," said Casey.

"By the teeth!" exclaimed Pat. "But a fowl has no teeth."

"No," admitted Casey, "but Oi have."

Spoil Sport!

"Young man," said the magistrate severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife was most brutal. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?"

"If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

Misguided Ambition.

"I guess," said Broncho Bob, "that we'd better get up a fund and have a reformer come along and talk to Crimmon Gulch."

"What for?"

"Some of the boys are getting the idea that this is a slow town. We need, somebody to whoop it up and show we can be as wicked as any metropolis on the map."

The Daily News.

"Did you read about that fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"The one who had 200 gallons of cider in an old well."

"Oh, yes. And I've been expecting every day since to read that a hobo fell into it."

For Sale, young cow; cheap. 417 Linden avenue, South San Francisco, Cal. Advt.

MUST REGISTER PARTY AFFILIATIONS

The California supreme court has decided that at the request of a voter county clerks must register declarations of party affiliations and ordered that a writ of mandamus be issued, compelling Henry A. Pfeister, county clerk of Santa Clara county, to register the party affiliation of Eugene M. Don. Chief Justice F. M. Angellotti announced the decision of the court, which agreed without leaving the bench.

The intent of the decision is to uphold the provisions of the 1913 direct primary law, which provides for the declaration of party affiliation at the time of registration. No official cognizance was taken of the primary laws as amended by the recent special session of the legislature which straightened out a conflict in the statutes left by the repeal of certain non-partisan measures at a referendum election last fall. The amended election laws provide that party affiliation may be declared at the primary polls. This law will not be effective until ninety days following the adjournment of the special session.

At the expiration of that period the amended direct primary laws, unless held up by referendum, will be in full effect and the county clerks will have no option in the matter but to follow the expressed provisions that party registrations shall be made at the time of primary elections.

In rendering the decision orally from the bench directing the issue of a writ of mandate to compel County Clerk Pfeister to accept party registration, Justice Henshaw said: "Under the law as it now stands the voter is entitled to have his party affiliation recorded. Party registration is essential to the enforcement of the primary law."

SAN MATEO MERCHANT PROBABLY FATALLY HURT

Probably fatal injuries were received last night by Robin Powers, pioneer merchant of San Mateo and father of former Mayor Maurice B. Powers, when he was run down at B street and Second avenue by an automobile.

The car, driven by Levy Goldberg, an insurance broker of 61 North C street, passed over Powers, fracturing his right leg in two places and also fracturing three of his ribs.

Powers, who is 82 years old, is at the Red Cross Hospital, with but slight chances of recovery.

PENINSULA HOLDS THE RECORD FOR SUNNY DAYS

Among the exhibits sent to the filmmakers of southern California during the recent effort to secure their establishment in this county were statistics showing that the city of San Mateo had in 1915 more clear days than Los Angeles.

Washington's
Birthday
February 22



Excursion Fares
Between
All Stations in
CALIFORNIA

Also
To and From Points in
OREGON and
NEVADA

Sale Dates: February 21 and 22

Return Limit February 23

For Fares and Train Service
Ask Southern Pacific Agent